And a Happy New Year.

WHEELING, W. VA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

UPON THIS HOLY DAY.



FOUND AT FIVE POINTS.



is impossible to realize that only a few years farther back there was such place in the centre of the city as the Five Points. Nowadays it does not take unusual courage for a moderately athletic man to walk alone in broad daylight through any public street in the city. Then it was not safe to do so, and even policemen rarely ventured alone after dark into the region known by the old name. Now the horse cars run through the centre of it. Broad streets have been cut through, and old buildings replaced with new. Factories and stores stand the street of the control of the c where were formerly tumble down rook-eries, that had stood since the last cenwhere were formerly tumble down rookeries, that had stood since the last century, and that were swarming with the most degraded poor and the most degraded poor and the most desparate criminals. When the Rev. W. C. Yan Meter, with a few friends as earnest and determined as himself, first started a mission school within the borders of this valley of the shadow of crime, he was repeatedly warned by the police of the dangers he incurred, and it was some time after the work was started before he dared to take, even under escort, in the middle of the day, the ladies who were anxious to aid by teaching in the school. It seems now like a story of a foreign land and other age, but I saw in 1854 or 1855 a party of a dozen la dies and gentlemen mobbed as they started homeward from the school one Sunday noon, hustled into the street and assailed with volleys of obscene oats and rotten vegetables, and so beset by a horde of half drunken men and women that they were glad to escape with whole bones and ruined garments. And the police seemed powerless to prevent or punish such outrages, for this was no unusual occurrence.

The region about what is now Paradise

originator of at least one famous joke, though without intention. The teacher saked him his name and he said it was George. Being asked what his last name, was he said that was his last name.

"But you must have another name," but you must have another name," "But of George Johnson, or George What, "Taint George What, nor George Nothio, its George, I hain't got no oder name."

But the joke came when the teacher, wishing to know whether he had learned anything at all, asked him, "Do you know who made you?"

At the same instant a boy behind him stuck a pin into George. Such tricks were very common among the little savages, but it did not hurt any the leas because it was not unusual. George jumped from his seat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Goddlemitey," "Well, that's right," said the teacher, who had not noticed the trick. "But don't shout so," The story was toid afterwards, with enlargements, until it became a "chestnut" many years ago.

It was a long time—many months—before the teachers could learn much about the boy, for he was distrustful to the last degree. He kicked the Rev. Mr. Yan Meter on the shins very violently, and twisted himself away like an eel when that gentleman, according to his habit, laid hands affectionately on the boy's shoulder. George thought he was going to be beaten, and took his usual precaution of eluding the preliminary hold. He had, it seemed, never known what it was to have anybody take hold of him in kindness, and was no more to be handled than a young bird or a squirrel. There was hardly anything, in fact, that he did not know, and it was a long time before the could be made to understand, that awearing was wrong. In fact, he did not know, and it was a long time before he could be made to understand, that awearing was wrong. In fact, he sweras te his Maker indicated, but he did not know, and it was along time before he could be made to understand, that swearing was wrong. In fact, he did not know what wrong was. So far as his experience of life went, every-body did precisely what seemed at the moment desirable to do, unless prevented by superior physical force, or by bodily fear. Stealing was to him a perfectly legitimate mode of acquiring anything that he might happen to want, and the only reason why it should be done secretly was that too much ostentation about the act was apt to provoke inter-

secretly was that too much ostentation about the act was apt to provoke interference on the part of the owner, who might and probably would want the article himself. Lying was simply the easiest way of concealing anything that he did not care to reveal, and the only inkling he had of the objectionable character of the act was that anybody to whom he told a lie would beat him savagely if he did not lie cleverly enough to escape detection. As to the Sabbath, the first knowledge he had of the difference between one day and another came ence between one day and another came from his noticing that once in a while these people who had whole clothes on and who spoke gently came into the neighborhood and opened the little mis-

these people who had whole clothes on and who spoke gently came into the neighborhood and opened the little mission room and tried to get the children to go into it.

George was among those who were coaxed in with much difficulty, but after going once he went regularly. The room was clean and pleasant, and as the atturn days came on there was a store put in and a fire made it warm. That was a novely to him—being allowed to sit undisturbed in a warm room. The story the good teacher obtained from him after winning his confidence was appalling by its very absence of detail; but it was only one of many like stories, and she could do very little to alleviate the misery that was all around her.
George lived with a woman whom he had been taught to call Aunt Sally, Whether she was his aunt, who his mother and father was, whether they were alive, or whether, indeed, he had ever had a mother or father, were matters concerning which he absolutely knew nothing, even by hearsay. Aunt Sally was negatively good to him, it appeared. She did not beat him, excepting when she was drunk, which was, however, much of the time. She let him sleep in her room, and when she was dial alt the circumstances of the search

ing when she was drains, which is bowever, much of the time. She let him sleep in her room, and when she had food she gave him some. When she was drinking heavily she did not bother about eating, and George had learned, as young as he was, to keep away from her, and get his food for himself. How or when he got it, only God's ravens could have told. Such cases are not as common in New York as they were twenty-five or thirty years ago, but they are found now and again, even in these days. Who Aunt Sally was, or why she took any integer that time despito the sall the time despito the ing about. She was a fact, and her integer that the was made, and the had not come to the age of realize that only a few farther back there was such a strength of the strength of the strength of the story it would have been inevitable, and though all the detective skill that could be progressive as the Five was such as the Five was such as the five was and it chanced to be Christ-





GEORGE LIVED WITH AUNT SALLY.

made in the press.
Six years had passed from the day the boy was stolen when Mr. and Mrs. Har rison entered the little mission school in the Five Points. It was her own loss the Five Points. It was her own loss that had made her so peculiarly anxious to benefit poor children; but, though she was forever searching for her own little one, both she and her husband had almost given up the hope of ever finding him. While Mr. Harrison was talking with Mr. Van Meter, however, her eager eyes were scanning the faces of all the boys in the room.

Suddenly she turned pale. "Oh, George!" she said, or gasped, rather, and without another word she flew rather than ran to the other end of the room. Dropping on her knees in front of the

Dropping on her knees in front of the poor little waif who had drifted in so strangely, she seized him with both hands and looked eagerly, almost wildly, into

and looked eagerly, almost wildly, into his eyes.

"What is your name?" she said to the startled child.

"George," he said.

"George what?"

"I dunno," he answered, begininning to cry, for he had developed a sensitiveness about his lack of a proper compilement of names, and, moreover, he was half feightened by the now frantic woman's strange behavior.

Suddenly she tore open his jacket and

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SUCII A CHRISTMAS. She consented to go home, but whether she remained there or not I do not know. Sensational as anything in fiction, is it not? Yet, excepting in some few details; it is a true story.

The base of the call of the ca the many large profiles and gastlesses mobiled and the state of most of an important the state of the control of t

Have no Special Interest,

BUT THEY MAY ALL READ IT.

"'Judge,' continued Mr. Cannon, 'the

Juge, continued Mr. Cannon, 'the young man you have selected for foreman was there also.'

"The Judge looked sharply at Mann and then asked Joe:

"'Is be the young fellow that raised me out of \$60?'

"The same fellow,' said Joe. Folks"-Men of Mighty Muscle. The Loss of a Nose and What

"Then, turning to the grand jury, he said in a louder tone and with great

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upwards of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance whee whirls 3,558 miles in one year.

whirls 3,558? miles in one year.

It does very little good to mark "confidential" or "personal" on a letter to a great man. The private secretary of a man of national importance said yesterday that if a letter should come marked "on no account to be opened by the private secretary" he might hesitate a moment, but he would open it.

A cuest at a Tampa. Fla. hotel arose

A guest at a Tampa, Fla., hotel arose in his sleep and walked about the city for hours without waking. When discovered he was trying to get into a foundry, claiming that he had slept there. He was finally led to his bed, and upon waking in the morning was astonished upon being informed of his adventure.

"Timping." Waiters—A correspondent



would you rather have for Christmas, Robbie, a pair of skates or a sled? Robbie—Can't 1 have both? Mrs. Smitem—No, I don't think Santa

airs, smitem—No, I don't think Santa Clans would consent to that, Robbie—Then give me the skates. Tommy Slimson's got a sled, and I can ick him.

Relieved From Jury Duty.

Millicouke Evening Wisconsin.
Once when a Wisconsin circuit judge was empaneling a jury, he said that if any one wished to be excused from service reasons should be given at once and their sufficiency would be duly considered. One man had a sick child and another a sick cow. Presently, after considerable rumination, an Irishman arose. His face and attitude bespoke a heavy sorrow and a reverent humiliation to Divine Providence. His words were few and slimple: "Jedge, me woife's did," with a stomachic emphasis on the "did," The judge's heart was touched, and be said: "Well, my good man, I

did," with a stomachic emphasis on the "did." The judge's heart was touched, and he said: "Well, my good man, I guess we'll have to let you go."

The Irishman slowly took his hat and went. When he had gotten his body well outside of the room he poked his face back through the nearly closed door, with a triumphant grin, and said: "Yis, sor; an she's been did fhorty year."

year."

The sheriff was told to let him go, for the judge was Irish himself.

ing it to the repairer he curtly said:
"See what ails it."
"The mainspring is gone," replied the

"Dat's all right."

"And the jewels and—"
"Dat's all right."
"And most of the wheels,"
"Dat's all right."
"In fact, there is only about one-quarter of the works left."
"Dat's all right. Kin it be fixed?"
"No."

"Is it wuth ober a dollar?"

"Dat's all right. Ize gwine to put it de ole woman's stockin' fur Christ-



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE, FOOD FOR REFLECUION. Yes, Mister Turkey-cock, I own You make a gallant show As in full fig you strut about Majestically slow.

